Middletown Transcript.

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Select Poetry.

A Methodist Lyric for Conference Time.

THE CIRCUIT PREACHER.

BY GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

His thin wife's cheek grows pinched and pale
with anxiousness intense;
He sees the brethren's prayerful eyes o'er all the
Conference;
He hears the Bishop slowly call the long "Ap-
pointment" rolls,
Where, in his vineyard, God would place these
gatherers of souls.

Apart, austere, the knot of grim Presiding El-
ders sit;
He wonders if some city "Charge" may not for
him have writ;
Cetes, could they his sermon hear on Paul and
Luke awreck,
Then had his talent ne'er been hid on Annome-
six Neck!

Poor, rugged heart! be still a while, and you,
worn wife, be meek!
Two years of banishment they read, far down
the Chesapeake;
Though Brother Bates, less eloquent, by Wil-
mington is wooed,
The Lord that counts the sparrows fall shall feed
his little brood.

"Cheer up, my girl! here's Brother Riggs our
Circuit knows will please—
He raised three hundred dollars there besides the
marriage fees.
What! tears from us, who preached the word
these thirty years or so—
Two years on barren Chincoteague and two in
Tuckahoe?

"The schools are good, the Brethren say, and our
church holds the wheel;
The Presbyterians lost their house, the Baptists
lost their zeal;
The parsonage is clean and dry, the town has
friendly folk—
Not half so dull as Rehoboth, nor proud like Po-
comoke.

Oh! thy just will, our Lord be done, though these
eight seasons more
We see our ague-crippled boys pine on the East-
ern Shore,
While we, thy stewards, journey out our dedi-
cated years
Mid foresters of Nanticoke, or heathen of Tan-
giers!

"Yea! some must serve on God's frontiers, and
I shall fall perforce,
To sow upon some better ground my most select
discourse;
At Sassafras, or Smyrna, preach my argument
on 'Drink,'
My series on the Pentateuch at Appoquinimink.

"Gray am I, Brethren, in the work, though
tough to bear my part,
It is these drooping little ones that sometimes
wring my heart,
And cheat me with the vain conceit the clever-
ness is mine
To fill the churches of the Elk, and pass the
Brandywine.

"These hairs were brown, when, full of hope,
ent'ring these holy lists,
Proud of my Order as a knight—the shouting
Methodists—
I made the pine woods ring with hymns, with
prayer the night-winds shook,
And preached from Assawaman Light far north
as Bombay Hook.

"My nag was gray, my gig was new; fast went
the sandy miles;
The eldest Trustees gave me praise, the faicest
sisters smiles;
Still I recall how Elder Smith of Worten Heights
averred
My Apostolic Parallels the best he ever heard.

"All Winter long I rode the snows, rejoicing on
my way;
At midnight our Revival hymns rolled o'er the
sobbing bay;
Three Sabbath sermons, every week, should tire
a man of brass—
And still our fervent membership must have their
extra Class!

"Aggressive with the zeal of youth, in many a
warm requite
I terrified Immersionists, and scourged the Mil-
lerite;
But larger, tenderer charities such vain debates
supplant,
When the dear wife, saved by my zeal, loved the
Itinerant.

"No cooing dove, of storms afeared, she shared
my life's distress,
A singing Miriam, always, in God's poor wilder-
ness;
The wretched at her footstep smiled, the frivo-
lous were still;
A bright path marked her pilgrimage, from
Blackbird to Snowhill."

Popular Miscellany.

A DASH THROUGH FIRE.

It has just lately been completed, that long line of railroad across the great island of Australia, but young as it is, many a wild scene has been witnessed there already, and many more will be ere a long time elapses. For it must be borne in mind that the population of that far-off land is an incongruous one, consisting of many races of people, strangely intermixed and mingled.

I had visited the mining districts, Botany Bay—that famous city of condemned criminals—Melbourne and Sidney. These are the centres of interest, and the only ones. All the rest are mere appendages, sauce for the pudding or butter for the bread. I was done with my sight-seeing, and now nothing remained but to while away a week or two, and then embark on the next ship which might be outward bound for America. I had not taken a trip over the new railroad, and determined to spend my leisure time by doing so at once. Accordingly I purchased my ticket, mounted the train, and seated myself for the journey.

The iron horse snorted, and moved majestically off from the station, as if he considered it beneath his dignity to tarry longer at that point. The road lies thro' a wild tract of land, though the years to come will probably see it dotted with neat villages and fine farms, for Australia is a growing land like our own great West, and emigrants are even now rapidly settling up the hitherto barren places. The scenery is such as would naturally charm the traveler with an eye to the beauties of nature. It is ever-changing, panoramalike, now showing the level and unbroken plain for miles upon miles, now displaying the gigantic mountains, with their craggy peaks reared upward until they seem to meet and kiss the sky, as the clouds hold them in fond embrace.

On, on, on we thundered, over the narrow rails, seldom finding occasion to stop, but pushing forward, with an incessant rattle and jar, for the other terminus of the iron road. We had just passed a train that was madly dashing eastward, with its burden of human beings, and were about to strike upon a portion of track which lay in the midst of a long, level prairie. Far ahead we could see a dense column of smoke rising heavenward, as if the whole island was on fire. I could not explain this strange thing, but kept my eye fixed on the cloud, as I leaned far out of the window, that I might see for myself what was up. The conductor happening to pass, I stopped him, and called his attention to the matter. After viewing the huge billows, as they rose one above the other, for a minute, he drew in his head, and remarked:

"The train that had just passed us has evidently fired the dry prairie grass by a spark from the locomotive. If that be the case, and I think it is, then we shall have a lively time getting through the fire, but go through it I will, for I'm bound this train shall not be the first one on the road to fall behind time for a trifle," and he went forward to speak with the engineer.

We reached the prairie, and found it as the conductor had predicted, but the fire was burning away from the track and not towards it. Their appeared to be nothing in the way of our onward course, and the locomotive jerking its pistons in and out of the cylinders like lightning, and grinding its huge drivers against the rails which guided them in their course, kept plunging ahead, and each moment nearing the sea of fire which lay to the right of the track. Hissing and leaping, its tongues of forked flame licking up everything which came within their reach, that great furnace was blazing along the road for a distance of two miles or more, and making rapid advances in the direction of the wind. We had all crowded to the platforms of the train, eager to witness the magnificent spectacle. Every eye was bent on the darting flames. Spreading in three different directions, the fire was some distance in front, behind and to our right, and it seemed as if one end of our column was running a race with our engine, for it gained on us every minute, and kept far in advance.

Suddenly the wind changed to the north, and now, roaring like a tornado, the terrible sea of heat, and smoke, and fire, came rushing towards the train. The ends traveled faster than the centres, seeming to be eager to clasp us in a hot embrace, and like a general marshalling his forces around the troop which he desired to exterminate, so that column of flame now moved around us, until we were encircled by it as by a belt. Far behind, it had crossed the track, and just ahead of us the black rails lay in its very bosom. There was but one chance for escape. Through it we must dash, and that quickly, else it should devour us in its mad march.

The engineer, a fellow accustomed to danger, and possessed of nerves like steel, gave a wild yell from the brazen throat of his iron charger, threw everything wide open, and waved his hat from the cab window at us in the cars, as we darted like lightning towards the enemy which lay in our path. The drivers spun round with the speed of the wind, and the very earth itself trembled beneath the tread of our giant as it spurned the rails with its iron reel, and swept forward on its way. One moment and we were in the very midst of the fire. The ties were burning fiercely, bright tongues of flame shot up all around us, and kissed each other over the tops of our car, and the red hot rails bent under the weight of the train as it sped onward through the gauntlet of fire.

It was, indeed a fearful moment. Every door and window was closed, to keep out the devouring element, yet the atmosphere of the coaches was as hot as the air of Hades, and the glass windows shivered by the excessive heat, kept crackling and adding to the tumult.

If a rail should break, or bend too much, all would be over. Our lives were worth little at that moment, and few life insurance agents would have granted us a policy on any consideration.

This terrible state of affairs could not last long. One of two things must happen: we would either soon be safely thro' the flames—or stopping in their midst be devoured by them in their fierce play around us.

The varnish in the coaches was melting, the woodwork of the sides, tops and bottoms of the cars, was almost hot enough to ignite, and already the outsides were smoking, when we suddenly emerged into pure, cool air, beyond the belt of fire. Hastily doors and windows were thrown open, though many hands were blistered in the operation, and we rushed out again on the platforms to get some chance of breathing without inhaling the fumes of boiling varnish and smoking wood. The last coach of the train was discovered to be on fire, and its occupants were thronging forward into the other cars. But we could not check our speed to extinguish the flames yet, for our old enemy was giving us smart chase, and pressing sharply on our rear, seemingly bent on our total destruction.

Three miles further up the track stood a watering tank, so the conductor said, and toward this we hurried on. We were running rapidly, and it did not take us long to reach the place. Here we came to a stand still. The locomotive was plentifully supplied with leathern buckets, and these we at once began using dexteriously. Water was plentifully dashed on the burning coach, until it was thoroughly drenched; the other cars, badly heated and charred, were also cooled, and then we rested from our labors and surveyed the train. It was terribly damaged Every plank was more or less burned, the sides were black with smoke, the paint had melted and run in streaks down the sides, and many of the mouldings had been so warped, that the nails had pulled out, and they had dropped off along the road. The car which had come so near burning up was a perfect wreck, being more than half destroyed, and totally unfit for further use until rebuilt. But its remains sat firmly on the trucks, and we concluded that we could safely carry it on with us to the end of the road, where it would be delivered to the mechanics for repairs. The engineer and fireman—brave fellows, who stuck nobly to their posts amid all the danger—were considerably singed, on account of their exposed condition—for the cab, being open behind had allowed some of the flames to dart within and make their acquaintance. Had not our forward motion caused a wind which blew the flames away, they must almost certainly have perished. As it was we all felt that we had been miraculously saved from a frightful death, and fervently offered up our thanks to the Deity who had so mercifully preserved us.

Having now taken on board a plentiful supply of wood and water, we found the fiery sea again approaching us. Prairie fires travel faster than most people would think possible, the dry grass affording first-rate fuel, and the wind generally driving the flames before it. But we were in no special danger of being overtaken by the devouring element, though such a catastrophe was by no means impossible. However, discretion was evidently the better part of valor in our case, so we entered the cars, and were once more dashing forward to regions of more safety.

We soon left the prairie far behind, struck upon a hilly, barren portion of the road, and through this continued our journey uninterrupted to the terminus of the line. Reaching there on time, alive and well, we felt quite at ease again, and were in excellent spirits.

What is Trouble?

A company of Southern ladies were one day assembled in a lady's parlor, when the conversation chanced to turn on the subject of earthly affliction. Each had her story of peculiar trial and bereavement to relate, except one pale, sad looking woman, whose lustreless eye and dejected air showed that she was a prey to the deepest melancholy. Suddenly arousing herself, she said in a hollow voice: "Not one of you know what trouble is."

"Will you please, Mrs. Grey," said the kind voice of a lady who well knew her story, "tell the ladies what you call trouble?"

"I will, if you desire it," she replied, "for I have seen it. My parents possessed a competence, and my girlhood was surrounded by all the comforts of life. I seldom knew an ungrateful wish, and was always gay and light-hearted. I married at nineteen, one I loved more than all the world besides. Our home was retired, but the sunlight never fell on a lovelier one, or a happier household. Years rolled on peacefully. Five children sat around our table, and a little curly head still nestled in my bosom. One night, about sundown, one of those black storms came on, which are so common to our Southern climate. For many hours the rain poured down incessantly. Morning dawned, but still the elements raged. The whole Savannah seemed afloat. The little stream near our dwelling house became a raging element. Before we were aware of it, our house was surrounded by water. I managed with my babe to reach a little elevated spot, on which a few wide spreading trees were standing, whose dense foliage afforded some protection, while my husband and sons strove to save what they could of our property. At last a fearful surge swept away my husband, and he never rose again. Ladies—no one ever loved a husband more, but that was not trouble.

"Presently my sons saw their danger, and the struggle for life became the only consideration. They were as brave, loving boys as ever blessed a mother's heart and I watched their efforts to escape, with such agony as only mothers can feel.—They were so far off I could not speak to them, but I could see them closing nearer and nearer to each other as their little island grew smaller and smaller.

"The sullen river raged around the huge trees; dead branches, upturned trunks, wrecks of houses, drowning cattle, masses of rubbish all went floating past us.—My boys waved their hands to me, then pointed upward. I knew it was a farewell signal, and you, mothers, can imagine my anguish. I saw them all perish, and yet—that was not trouble.

"I hugged my babe close to my heart, and when the water rose to my feet, I climbed into the low branches of the tree, and so kept retiring before it, till an All-powerful hand staid the waves, that they should come no further. I was saved.—All my worldly possessions swept away; all my earthly hopes blighted—yet that was not trouble.

"My baby was all I had left on earth. I labored night and day to support him and myself, and sought to train him in the right way; but as he grew older, evil companions won him away from home. He ceased to care for his mother's counsels; he would sneer at her entreaties and agonizing prayers. He left my humble roof that he might be unrestrained in the pursuit of evil, and at last, when heated by wine one night he took the life of a fellow-being, and ended his own upon the scaffold. My heavenly Father had filled my cup of sorrow before; now it ran over. This was trouble, ladies, such as I hope His mercy will save you from ever experiencing."

There was not a dry eye among her listeners, and the warmest sympathy was expressed for the bereaved mother whose sad history had taught them a useful lesson. —*Baltimorean.*

The Light Brigade.

TRUTH ABOUT THE FAMOUS CHARGE "INTO THE MOUTH OF HELL."

At last we have a historic blunder gracefully corrected and a handsome defence of a brave soldier whose name has been under a cloud. It has been popularly decided that Captain Louis Nolan, of Lord Raglan's staff, being an impetuous soldier, purposely misconstructed the actual meaning of an order which he carried into an authorization of the senseless sacrifice of the Light Brigade, and that his only excuse was that he was the first one killed in the charge. Launce Poyntz, in the *Galaxy*, after reviewing the topography of the battle-field and the position of the forces, says:

As it was, matters stood thus when Nolan left Raglan, bearing the "fourth order." The Russians were clustered on two hills, the English and French cavalry stood looking on. Lucan was in his usual nervous, irritable state, when the gallop of a horse was heard. A tall, slender young officer, with a trim figure and black moustache, was coming down a steep descent at full speed, with a white envelope stuck in his belt, and every eye was on him in a moment.

It was Captain Nolan, in his scarlet shell jacket, a little forage cap set on one side of his dark curls, his face full of joy and earnestness.

An audible murmur went through the ranks.

"Orders come! Nolan's the boy that'll show us the way to move." For Nolan was well known and universally beloved.

In another moment he had dashed up and saluted; then handed his letter to Lord Lucan. The cavalry general tore it open with the nervous haste characteristic of every movement of his lordship. When he read it over his countenance changed. Then his lordship broke out something in this style:

"Why, good heavens, sir, what can he mean? With the little force at our command we can barely hold our own, much less advance. It is perfectly suicidal. How can we advance?"

Nolan's eye began to blaze. He had just come from the high ground, whence the whole Russian position could be seen at a glance. Knowing that his order contemplated the doubling back of the Russian columns and saving the guns in the redoubts, he was impatient of the pragmatical objection of this captious old man.

In a stern, distinct tone, he spoke to Lord Lucan:

"Lord Raglan's orders are that the cavalry should attack immediately."

"Attack, sir, ?" cried Lucan angrily. "Attack what? What guns, sir?"

Nolan threw his head back indignantly and pointed to the Causeway Ridge, where the Russians were busily at work trying to haul away the captured guns. The group was standing at the right of the entrance of the North Valley.

"There, my lord, is your enemy," he said, "and there are your guns."

The Captain forgot that he was talking to an excited and impracticable man. Wrong headed Lucan chose to fancy that he pointed to the end of the valley, and with all the obstinacy of his nature kept to the error.

"Very well, sir, very well," he said angrily. "The order shall be obeyed. I wash my hands of it."

He wheeled his horse and trotted off to where Cardigan sat in front of his brilliant lines, knawing his gray mustache and chafing over his inaction.

Then said wrong-headed Lucan:

"Lord Cardigan, you will attack the Russians in the valley."

The Earl dropped his sword in salute.

"Certainly, my Lord; but allow me to point out to you that there is a battery in front, a battery on each flank, and the ground is covered with Russian riflemen."

"I can't help it," said Lucan, snappishly, "it is Lord Raglan's positive order that the light brigade is to attack the enemy. We have no choice but to obey."

Then Cardigan bowed his head.

"Very well, my Lord," was all he said. Then turning to his staff, "the brigade will advance," he said, quietly.

Meantime Nolan, after his sharp passage of arms with the division commander, had ridden off to the right brigade himself, where he was cheerfully talking to his sworn comrade and friend, Captain Morris, of the Seventeenth Lancers. Now that he had maintained his position as mouth-piece of the commander-in-chief against the impudent fault-finding of Lucan, he felt happy. His beloved cavalry was to be launched at last on this glorious mission against the Causeway Ridge, and already D'Allonville was preparing to assault the other flank of the Russians.

Who could wonder that the enthusiastic Nolan told Morris that he was going to see the battle through the charge? It was his privilege to do so, and his heart beat high with hope. Little did he know of the extent of pig-headed stupidity natural to the two members of the English Aristocracy who respectively commanded and led that charge.

A clear, sharp voice was soon heard in front of the brigade now formed in three lines. Lord Lucan rode away to the "Heavies," and Nolan galloped round to the rear to the left of the brigade, as the sharp voice cried:

"Light brigade forward—trot—march."

In a moment the front line was away, as steady as if on parade, at a rapid trot, following an erect gentleman, mounted on a chestnut thoroughbred, and wearing tight scarlet trousers and a blue fur-trimmed jacket, the front a perfect blaze of gold.

The erect gentleman was as slender in figure, as alert in gesture as a boy of twenty, and yet that man was fifty-seven years old and the Earl of Cardigan himself.

But hardly had they started when Nolan uttered a cry of astonishment and rage.

"Good God! are the fools going to charge down the valley?" he shouted.

Then, setting spurs to his horse, he dashed out of his place and galloped madly across the front, waving his sword.

"Where are you going, my lord?" he shouted. "That is not Lord Raglan's order! Charge front to the right. This way! This way! The batteries on the ridge!"

Lord Cardigan was as hot-tempered in his way as Lord Lucan. The audacity of an officer presuming to cross his front was enough. For that officer to address his brigade was an additional insult. He spoke not a word, but pointed grimly forward with his sword. Nolan's words were lost in the thunder of hoofs, and all that was seen was his figure crossing the front and wildly gesticulating, pointing to Causeway Ridge.

Then the Russian batteries opened. There was a flash, a boom, and a second flash in the air, a little cloud of white smoke, and a loud spang! as the first shell burst in the faces of the trotting line. Poor Nolan threw up his arms with a fearful shriek, and fell back in his saddle, stone dead, struck through the heart. With a low groan of rage the rushing horsemen quickened their pace and dashed on at a wild gallop into the valley of death.

The secret of Balaklava perished with Nolan.

The Dollar We Don't Spend.

We have to calculate pretty close at our house, you know; and the whole family are called into council when any important expenditure is to be made. Well, the other evening we were considering the small remnant of the quarter's salary, and Mrs. Dobbs was trying to reckon how it could be made to cover everything. There was her new dress, and a new coat for me, and a new carpet for the best parlor, and a new hat for our (at present) unmarried daughter, besides a great many other things, with which I will not occupy your valuable space. The main point was the new dress, and Mrs. Dobbs was thinking of this shade, and scrutinizing that pattern, wishing she could buy them all, doubting if she could buy any of them; and our faces grew longer as the salary grew shorter. Presently, with one of my happy inspirations, I said to her:

"Mrs. Dobbs, there is no dollar that does you so much good as the one you don't spend."

She looked at me a little perplexed, and presently she said: "Why Doctor, I don't understand you."

So I said: The handsomest dress is the one you don't buy."

"Oh, yes, that's true. The best dress I ever had was the silk that Mrs. Largehead gave me when she came from Philadelphia. She bought it at Homer & Colladay's; it couldn't have cost less than—"

"Mrs. Dobbs," said I, interrupting her; "the handsomest and every way the best dress is the one that you don't have."

She was more puzzled than ever, and I was forced to explain.

"Mrs. Dobbs," said I, "all the dresses you ever bought have worn out, haven't they?"

"Yes," said she, very promptly, "all of them, I haven't a decent thing to my name. There is my bombazine—"

"Wait a moment," I said, for I was mortally afraid to have her get up that topic; "and did you ever buy a dress, did you ever have a dress any way, that you didn't have some misgivings over; that you didn't see some defect in; that you didn't rather wish that you had bought the other?"

"I believe you are right," she said, thoughtfully.

"But," I said, "the dress that you don't buy has no faults; you never are tired of it; it never grows old; never fades; never wears out; you never wish you had chosen some other; or if you want to change, how easily the change is made!"

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Dobbs, "I never thought of that before."

"And so," said I, "of your dollar. You never spent a dollar in your life that you didn't feel at least a doubt as to whether you had spent it wisely. You wish you had bought something else. But the wish was vain; you couldn't make a change.—The dollar that you spend you can spend but once, but the dollar that you don't spend you can spend a hundred times. You can buy a dozen things with it every time you go out. If you are dissatisfied with your purchases, you can go back and begin all over again. And so," I continued "the dollar that you don't spend does you a great deal more good than the dollar that you do spend; and better than all it brings with it no regrets, no migivings, even."

Mrs. Dobbs looked as though she didn't know just how to answer me, but at the same time as though she wasn't quite convinced. Presently she said:

"Well, doctor, I don't know that I see through it all, but no doubt you are right, for you are a great deal wiser than I am. And so we will go on that principle. I will take the dollar that we do spend, and you shall have the dollar that we don't spend, which is, as you have showed, so much the better of the two."

THE NEWEST THING ON DUELS.—Guy Livingstone may write atrocious novels, but in practical life he has recently given evidence of something very like real genius. Nothing short of that could have caused him to venture so boldly to reduce the traditionary duello to a modern basis. The case was this: Two young swells had quarrelled, not about a lady, but about a bet; a challenge to mortal combat had been given and accepted; a difficulty arose about the weapons to be used; the seconds finally referred the matter to an arbitrator—no other than the famous author, Guy Livingstone—and he decided that the blood-thirsty combatants should meet in the middle of Piccadilly, each armed with a horsewhip, and thrash each other until one or the other cried, "hold! enough!" The duellists demurred; but the arbitrator declared that, as they asked for his decision, they should obey it, and that if they did not he should whip both of them. At this threat they yielded, and the combat commenced at the appointed time and place. Fast and thick were the blows; shrill through the air whistled the keen lashes; dense arose the dust from the well-beaten coats. Each man stood bravely to his work until at last, as if by mutual consent, each paused at the same moment and exclaimed "enough!" Then they quietly shook hands, jumped into cabs, and drove away amid the plaudits of the crowd.—*Boston Post.*

EMOTIONAL INSANITY.—A hen-pecked or elderly unmarried exchange, cites this instance of what it esteems a certain young lady's "mental alienation:" Not long ago her mother found her in her room, energetically darning stockings, and soon after she appeared in the kitchen and assisted that wondering dame in making and baking bread and pastry. Alarmed by these fearful signs of intelligent disorder, her fond parents immediately sent for a skillful physician, who watched her through a key-hole while she sewed buttons on her father's garments and mended those of her little brother. Much affected, the venerable man remarked that never during a practice of twenty-five years had he known any young person to manifest such symptoms as these.

The most heart-rending phase of all, however, was exhibited the other day, when her kind father, with a faint hope of rousing her from her sad state, gave her $200 and told her to buy a new dress.—Alas! 'twas useless. She instantly observed that she didn't need a new dress, but if he would let her keep $25 to pay a widow's rent, she'd much rather he would take the rest of the money for himself.—For a few moments that grief stricken old gentleman gazed upon his hapless child, then hiding his face, muttered between his sobs, "Her mind is gone! her mind is gone!"

If an editor omits anything, he is lazy If he speaks of things as they are, people get angry. If he glosses over or smooths down the rough points, he is bribed. If he calls things by their proper names, he is unfit for the position of an editor. If he does not furnish his readers with jokes, he is a mullet. If he does, he is a rattle-head, lacking stability. If he condemns the wrong he is a good fellow, but lacks discretion. If he lets wrongs and injuries go unmentioned, he is a coward. If he exposes a public man, he does it to gratify spite—is the tool of a clique, or belong to the "out." If he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard; if he does not, his paper is dull and insipid.

One may live as a conquerer, a king or a magistrate; but he must die as a man The bed of death brings every human being to his pure individuality, to the intense contemplation of that deepest and most solemn of all relations, the relation between the creature and his creator.—*Webster.*

Stephen Pearl Andrews says: "Nothing in the concrete sphere is ever divided by clear cut, geometrical lines. Hence there is over-lapping and mere preponderance and inexpungability of prime elements." Humph! anybody knows that.

A visitor at Saratoga by the name of Bacon has a running porker painted on his carriage.

Agricultural.

Does Farming Pay?

This question has been discussed at farmers' clubs, in farmers' conventions, and by writers in the agricultural papers, and seems not to be answered in the affirmative in the minds of the majority, if we are to judge from their talk and manner of procedure. That farming is poor business, would be the answer of nine-tenths of those engaged in it, if the direct question were put to them. Hence we find discontent, and a desire to sell, on the part of many. In this vicinity many advertise to sell; yet no one appears to buy. I have always, until within a few years, known men who wanted to buy farms; those which were well located and desirable found ready purchasers—the demand was fully equal to the supply. But of late it has not been so. I do not know to-day of a person who wishes to buy a farm, or invest money in land for agricultural purposes, nor would any farm about here sell for its real value if offered. There is no doubt that many who are now anxious to sell, will live to rejoice that no one appeared to buy. It is that only which will save them from financial ruin. The desire to invest the proceeds in something which shall pay large interest, and live an easy life without labor, is the idea. Large rates of interest are attended with corresponding risk, and the majority would seek such investments as would in a short time leave them penniless. It is a blessing to them that their farms cannot be told. The time will doubtless come when a man who owns a farm free from debt, and a home for his family, will think himself well off. Speculation and the proceeds of money invested will not always prove the greatest blessing. In times of commercial distress these are often not to be trusted, while the farmer who owns his farm has not much to fear.

Farmers do not live up to their privileges. They may have as good a living as those in towns who spend three or five thousand dollars a year for that purpose. Their tables may be better supplied with a great variety and much better quality of articles. Fresh vegetables, butter, milk, cream, eggs and fruit, a horse and carriage, more leisure—taking all these things into consideration, and reckoning the articles consumed by the farmer's family at the price paid by his city friend, we shall not find so much difference as one would suppose. It would be more apparent than real. Looking at it in this light, we should be better contented with our lot.

It is the few in any occupation that acquire fortunes; where one succeeds, multitudes fail. And perhaps as large a proportion of farmers gain in property as in any other business. Certainly no one will deny that the small farmers are better off than any class of equal means. If people would live as economically as formerly, probably as much money could be laid up as at any previous time. Habits of extravagance have done much to bring the business into disrepute, and it is apparent in almost everything. We see it in houses and furniture, clothing, carriages and harness. A stable-keeper recently told me that he formerly found a ready sale among farmers for his second-hand carriages, after running them for a couple of years or so; now he makes no sales to farmers—the best have become none too good for them. This is true in regard to almost everything else. Our easy means of communication have brought the country and city in closer relation, and the result has been that many have become discontented with the slow but sure gains of agricultural; and haste to become rich has done much mischief to the rural population. If people would view the matter as it is, I think they would find that the farmer has as many advantages as men of any other calling—and on closer examination might find that farming paid.—*Country Gentleman.*

A GOOD WORD FOR APRICOTS.—Why do not our successful plum-growers in the South turn their attention to the Apricot for profit. At present prices, such as we have to pay the confectioner for the few specimens offered for sale, we should presume it would be difficult to find any fruit that would give a larger precentage on the investment. We have in mind a beautiful apricot orchard belonging to Dr. Hull, at Alton, Ill., that at the time of our visit, a few years since, was truly a handsome sight. Not only were the trees in perfect health, giving evidence of unusual care, but they were producing abundance of fruit. The apricot is not by any means a tender tree; it will endure quite a low temperature without injury,—the past Winter sustaining no injury with the mercury from 20° to 30° below zero. They should, however, always be set on the north side of buildings, where one or two trees are kept for family use, as the blossoms lead the flowering season, and consequently are liable to injury from late frosts. The terrible curculio are as destructive on this as on the plum, and jarring the trees is the only sure remedy to bring the best results. In some sections of our country, where the climate is comparatively mild, and the Little Turk not so plentiful, apricot culture will prove remunerative and satisfactory. It is needless to add that for dessert no fruit can surpass it for delicacy of flavor, richness of flesh, nor beauty of appearance.

A good motive—Locomotive.

The Middletown Transcript.

EDWARD REYNOLDS, Editor.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 16, 1873.

Deferential to all; Obsequious to none.

Winchester, Harrisonburg, Rawley Springs, &c.

In our last issue we promised to give our readers a continuation of the account of our trip to the Valley of Virginia &c.

Winchester, so notorious during the war, shows many marks of the rough usage to which it was subjected by the great contest. No city or town in the entire South saw more, if as much, of the war than Winchester. It changed hands a great number of times, being alternately in the possession of Confederates and Federals. It is a straggling town situated in so rough and rocky a place that one involuntarily wonders what in the world ever induced anybody to think of building a town in such a place, and that a city should grow up there is surprising, indeed. Before the building of the Valley railroad, Winchester was the market for the farm produce of the surrounding country, and its merchants did a good traffic in grain, flour, &c., but the superior facilities for shipping furnished by the railroad, and the better prices obtained in larger markets induced the farmers to send their grain elsewhere, and the business of Winchester suffered in consequence The city has recovered but a very meagre portion of its ante-bellum prosperity. The crumbling walls of burnt houses still remain as they were left by the war, and with the declension of business, they stand very little chance of being rebuilt. We were told that the town is going down very rapidly since the war, or rather since the extension of the railroad. If this be so, it furnishes one instance, at least, where a railroad has injured rather than benefitted a town, but, though the town may have been injured, the surrounding country is certainly greatly benefitted.

The first station after leaving Winchester is Kernstown, an insignificant little village of about a dozen houses, but famous as the scene of Stonewall Jackson's first battle, that is, the first one in which he was chief commander. With only 2,700 troops he fought Bank's army of 11,000 men all day, and finally carried off the remnant of his little band in safety.

Harrisonburg, the county seat of Rockingham county, is a thriving town of some 3,000 or more inhabitants. It has improved very rapidly since the close of the war. Many new houses have been built, and several are in course of erection. Being the present terminus of the Valley railroad, it receives considerable importance from that circumstance. It has a large and flourishing tan-yard, comb factory, iron foundry, &c. It contains several good hardware, dry goods, grocery and drug stores. Two weekly papers are published here: "The Old Commonwealth," and "The Rockingham Register." It is also the seat of the U. S Court for the Valley District. The surrounding country is one of the richest sections of Virginia. Splendid crops of wheat, corn, oats, &c., being raised every year. The extension of the Valley railroad to Staunton is being pushed rapidly forward, there being, it is said, upwards of 1,000 men engaged in the work of grading, ballasting, &c.

Harrisonburg suffered but comparatively little during the war. It changed hands, it is true, once or twice, but beyond a few confiscations, and the wholesale destruction for firewood of all garden, yard and other fences, the town was but little injured. It is now far more flourishing and prosperous than ever before.

About twelve miles to the west of Harrisonburg are the Rawley Springs, reached by stage from the town over one of the Valley's justly celebrated pikes, and fast becoming one of the most noted and popular Summer resorts in the State. Previous to the war there were but few attractions about the place, the accommodations for visitors consisting of a rather forlorn house, very limited in its dimensions. After the close of the contest, however, a number of gentlemen formed a stock company and purchased the place, and built and furnished a large, commodious hotel, which they placed under the skillful management of Maj. Jos. N. Woodward, whose well-merited and widely known reputation as a hotel proprietor, together with the highly reputed properties of the waters, soon caused the house to be filled to overflowing with guests. This led to the building of a large addition to the house, but even this was not found sufficient, and the Major even now finds it difficult, almost impossible, to find accommodations for the throngs of people who go there from all parts of the country. Rawley well deserves its popularity. Generally, at Summer Resorts, people are compelled to put up with "accommodations" which they would hardly give their servants at home: a little stifling room, hardly large enough to turn round in, and a bed compared to which a pine plank would be soft, and other things in the same ratio, but at Rawley it is not so; the house is new, the rooms of good size, and what is better, *well furnished*, each room containing a comfortable mattress bed, on Tucker springs, and floor covered with nice, clean, white matting. In fact, everything about the house and grounds bears the appearance of care and cleanliness, and attention to comfort.—Although the house is literally crowded during the entire season, Major Woodward never fails to single out each and every one of his guests and look after their comfort, personally. Major W's best recommendation is the kind and grateful manner in which he is almost universally spoken of by his guests. At the time of our visit he was, unfortunately, absent, business having called him to Staunton, but Maj. George Chrisman did the honors for us, and voluntarily showed us all over the large house, and through the spacious grounds, explaining the nature of the water of the Springs; the baths, amusements, &c., and to him and Mr. Driver, both we and our co-editor of the "Old Commonwealth," Mr. C. H. Vanderford, are greatly indebted for kind attention on the occasion of our visit to Rawley. Those gentlemen are "trumps" of the highest order: they not only entertained us most hospitably, but handed out some splendid old "Augusta," and invited us to "come again, and do it some more," an invitation which we shall most certainly avail ourselves of if we ever have the opportunity.

Our homeward trip was made over the "Alphabet," alias W. C. Va. M. & G. S. R. R., passing over the Front Royal battle field, where "Greek met Greek, and then came the tug of war." 'Twas here was fought the bloody battle between the Marylanders on opposing sides.

As we neared Manassas junction, Judge Harris, M. C., from Harrisonburg, pointed out to us the scene of the first Bull Run battle, and where also the troops of Johnson and Kirby Smith left the cars and rushed to the scene of conflict just in the very nick of time to save the day to the Southern cause. The Federal troops were fast driving back the Confederates and in a short time the fate of the day would probably have been different from what it was, but the sudden rattle of Smith's musketry in their rear struck terror through the Federal ranks, and they broke and fled in wild dismay. No signs of the great battle are visible from the railroad, but around Manassas Junction are still seen the earthworks thrown up in the early part of '61, from which frowned the "Quaker guns" that so deterred the "on to Richmond" move of the "Young Napoleon" in 1862.

At different points along the railroad from Manassas to Alexandria the conductor pointed out to us a curious momento of the "invasion": large patches of Canada thistles, which he said were never known there before, but grew up on the ground where the Federal soldiers fed their horses, showing that some of the honest farmers furnished to the Government something besides oats.

Our train being somewhat delayed, we did not reach Baltimore until quite late, and, proceeding at once to the "Eutaw," we were soon fast asleep. Next morning we went out and took a look at the "burnt district," the scene of the recent great fire, which took place the very day we left the city, only a week before. It was certainly a hard looking place, the blackened walls, burnt timber and ruined houses presenting a scene of great devastation. It must have been a fearful sight to see that fire blazing and smoking over all that ground. Again taking the cars we continued on our way and were soon "home again."

THE SEA SERPENT AGAIN.—The steadily recurring sea serpent, true to its reputation, has appeared again, but has this time thrown its pursuers off the track by making Lake Champlain the point of its visibility. The Whitehall *Times*, describing it, says:

"As he rapidly swam away, portions of his body, which seemed to be covered with bright, silver-like scales, glistened in the sun like burnished metal. From his nostrils he would occasionally spurt streams of water above his head to an altitude of about twenty feet. The appearance of his head was round and flat, with a hood spreading out from the lower part of it like a rubber cap often worn by mariners, with a cape to keep the rain from running down the neck. His eyes were small and piercing, his mouth broad and provided with two rows of teeth, which he displayed to his beholders." But he left no card, and the mystery is not lifted from him.

FIENDISH OUTRAGE.—Last Monday week a party of three men discovered a negro lying asleep near the railroad at Brighton, Tenn., and thinking to have some fun, they poured turpentine on the sleeping man's clothes and set them on fire. The man, waking and finding himself enveloped in flames, ran shrieking for help, and before the fire could be put out he was so badly burned that he died the next day. This may have been fun to the perpetrators of the "joke," but it was not so funny to the poor sufferer, and they should receive the punishment their act deserves.

Local and State Affairs.

A Tremendous Storm.

MILL-DAMS BROKEN, AND MUCH DAMAGE DONE.

The storm which commenced on Tuesday evening was one of the heaviest that has visited this section for a long while. We didn't interview the "oldest inhabitant" to find out whether he could remember a more severe storm, and all that, but we know that it was a pretty big one. Rain began falling about 7 o'clock in the evening in a perfect torrent and continued to fall with unabated violence until about one o'clock. In fact it rained nearly all night, but not quite so hard during the morning hours.

A considerable amount of damage is reported from different sections. The dam of Mr. T. C. Murphey's mill was badly broken in three places. The foundation wall of his grist mill was undermined and partly washed out, placing the mill in imminent danger of total destruction, but, fortunately, by the most arduous labor, the catastrophe was averted. The amount of damage is estimated at nearly $1200.

Mr. Alliston Harman's dam was badly broken and much damage done necessitating the stopping of the mill for a considerable time. This is a severe blow to Mr. H.

The dam of the Brick Mill was also washed out, but we have not been able to learn the extent of damage done.

As Silcox's dam at Noxontown has not been repaired since the disaster to it last Winter, this vicinity is rendered nearly mill-less by these late accidents. Messrs. Drummond's & Barton's Mills being the only ones left.

The R. R. Culvert near St. Anne's was not washed out, as usual, this time, the company having made it big enough to allow the water to run through, and, we believe, no damage was done to the Delaware railroad, beyond the submerging of the track between Mt. Pleasant and the canal. The main line, however, did not get off so well, the culvert across the Christiana, a short distance below Newark, being washed out and 150 yards of the embankment swept away, causing a delay in the running of the trains of several hours.

The storm seems to have been pretty universal, and much damage is reported from various sections of the country.

For the Middletown Transcript.

MIDDLETOWN, AUGUST 11th, 1873.

MR. EDITOR—I would most respectfully call the attention of our Town Commissioners, through the columns of your valuable paper, to the condition of the gutter on the South side of Main street, west of Broad. The stench and foul odor arising from it is not only detrimental to the business stands in that locality, but very injurious to health.

Numerous appeals have been made in person to our City Fathers, but all to no avail. Sec. 14 of the charter of the town of Middletown reads as follows: *And be it further enacted*, That the said Commissioners be, and they are hereby authorized and required to cause all obstructions and nuisances that may at any time be and exist within the limits of said town, whether in the streets, lanes, alleys or on the sidewalks, or any other place within the limits aforesaid, to be removed and abated. The said Commissioners or, a majority of them, *may proceed either upon their own view* or upon complaint of any other citizen in writing, stating the character of said nuisance or obstruction, and where the same exists.

To my mind the law is clear, plain and explicit. The said Commissioners are and they are hereby *authorized and required* to cause all obstructions and nuisances to be removed, &c. If language can be made plainer or duty set forth clearer, I am at a loss to know how it is to be done.

I believe there is an ordinance prohibiting the running of anything but clear water in the gutters, yet, in the face of said ordinance all kinds of filth and garbage are allowed to be daily emptied out, right under the nose of one of the Commissioners and no notice taken of it.

If there is no way by which the nuisance complained of can be abated, we would advise our Commissioners to sell one of the town "squirts" and appropriate the proceeds to buying disinfectants. Yours, M.

Capsizing of a Pleasure Yacht.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING—COOL BRAVERY IN TRYING CIRCUMSTANCES.

On the 23d ult., a party of gentlemen, consisting of Capt Ed. Belville, Dr. I. S. Vallandingham and Lieut. Thomas Taylor, left St. Georges on a pleasure trip down the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal, on the yacht, Turnover. The wind was propitious, and the gallant yacht "walked the sea like a thing of life," and the party were in high spirits, in anticipation of a glorious sail, but, alas, they little knew what trials and dangers awaited them. When near the ice house of the Philadelphia Ice Co., (off Delaware City,) the wind fell away from the sails of the yacht and she lay becalmed. At this juncture a steamer passed on her way up the canal. The becalmed seamen then made an effort to tie their yacht on behind, *a la* boys with sleds, but failed, only succeeding in capsizing their boat, and pitching themselves struggling into the yawning depths of the "raging canawl." They were now in a fearful pickle. The water was deep and the canal wide. In their efforts to tie their boat to the steamer, Dr. V's feet had become entangled in the rope, and he sank twice before he could succeed in freeing himself from its coils. Seeing the Drs predicament, and his frantic efforts to release his limbs, Capt. B, knowing the necessity for coolness in the hour of danger, besought the Dr. to "keep cool and not get excited." "Get excited? No!" replied the brave Dr., who had by this time succeeded in getting on top of the upturned boat, "I am not going to get excited, but I am going to get rid of this darned rope." In the meantime, Lieut. Taylor had swam ashore, and in a little while after he was followed by his panting companions pushing the boat before them.

Hanging Extraordinary.

A MAN FOUND SUSPENDED FROM A TREE NEAR NEW CASTLE.

On Friday evening of last week, the body of a man was found suspended from a tree by a handkerchief, in Roger's woods, between Wilmington and New Castle. The deceased appeared to be a German, and the body looked as if it had been hanging there for several days. Coroner Winslow was notified; an inquest was held and a verdict of "suicide by hanging" rendered. Since then, however, suspicions of foul play have been aroused, and the affair is being thoroughly investigated. The circumstances giving suspicion of foul play are about as follows; On Monday, the 4th inst., an unknown man went into the saloon of John Keigan, in New Castle, to get a drink. While there he displayed a considerable amount of money, in bank notes and gold, in all several thousand dollars. A short time after he went into the tavern of McGovern, where he again displayed his money. Towards evening the same man, accompanied by another stranger, went in to Lewis Smydt's saloon and called for drinks. This was the last seen of either of them until the discovery of the body hanging in Mr. Roger's woods, and which Keigan's son, who was in attendance upon the bar Monday afternoon, declares is that of the stranger who called at his father's place, and so lavishly displayed his glittering wealth. The valise of the deceased was found near the spot at which he was hanging, containing a good supply of clothing, but not a *cent of money*. It is the absence of the money that leads to the belief that the stranger had been murdered and robbed, and that the murderer hung the body in order to make it appear that death was caused by suicide.

Blackbird Camp.

The camp-meeting broke up on Tuesday morning, had it held over another day the people would have had an excellent opportunity for a free shower bath. It was well attended and very successful. It is said to have been a remarkable pleasant camp, the absence of all kinds of rowdyism, &c., being especially noticeable. The camp was under the management of Rev. C. W. Prettyman. Our townsman, H. C. Etinson, who had a boarding tent on the ground, expresses himself as highly gratified in the patronage he received at the hands of his Middletown friends.

Real Estate Sales.

Messrs. Reynolds & Co., of Wilmington, sold for different parties ten houses and lots in that city last week. These gentlemen commenced the real estate business last Spring and have met with very good success. Their business is daily increasing.

Minor Topics.

P. T. E. Smith's excursion to Mauch Chunk and the Switch Back, last week, was quite successful, so much so that Mr. Smith feels encouraged to try another, consequently he is making arrangements for an excursion to Central Park, N. Y., on the 25th of September, next.

PERSONAL.—We were gratified to receive a visit at our sanctum a few days since from our esteemed friend and *quondam* neighbor, Henry Jones, Esq., now of Kent county, Md. Mr. Jones looks the picture of health, and his fighting weight is not diminished in the least.

DROWNED.—A lady from Philadelphia, Miss Emeline Fagenbush, while leaving the steamer "Ariel" at the wharf in Wilmington, on Tuesday night, accidentally fell into the river and was drowned.

CARD.—Our readers are requested to read the card of B. F. Lippincott, proprietor of the Odessa Hotel among the "New Advertisements" of this morning, and to give him all the patronage they can.

RETURNED.—John P. Cochran, Esq., and wife, who have been enjoying the pleasures of Cape May for some time past returned home on Saturday last.

THANKS.—T. McD. Roberts will please accept our thanks for a basket of nice apples left at our dwelling last week.

R. D. Hicks wants to be the Democratic candidate for city treasurer of Wilmington.

[From our Delaware City Correspondent.]

Delaware City Items

A terrific storm passed over this City and neighborhood on Tuesday night last. A noticeable feature was the blinding brilliancy of the lightning and the sharp, quick detonation of the thunder. Rain fell in torrents, and for a while our streets were flooded. In the country much damage was done to roads, bridges, culverts, fencing, cornfields, &c.,

The Chesapeake and Delaware canal has several breaks in the bank, between this City and St. Georges, which will require a week or ten days to repair them. The Pennsylvania and Delaware railroad embankment has washed away in several places between this City and Landenberg, which will prevent the running of trains for a few days. We learn that trains are running regularly between Landenberg and Pomeroy. On Wednesday night we had another very heavy storm.

A few days since, Mr. James Portum, living near this city, fell from a wagon and broke his collar bone.

Mr. A. Colburn, living near this City, raised on one field of 25 acres, 33 bushels of wheat per acre.

Accidental Drowning.

Among other casualties resulting from the recent heavy storm comes a report of a fatal accident that occurred near Crumpton, Md. The particulars, as far as we have been able to learn them, are as follows: It seems that on Thursday morning, Miss Emma Lynch, daughter of Clinton Lynch, Esq., of Kent county, Md., accompanied by Mrs. Reese, wife of William Reese, of Chesapeake City, was returning home from a visit to Mr. Perry Lynch's, and in attempting to cross a small stream called Godwin's run, near Mallalieu's Woolen mills, which was greatly swollen by the recent rains, her horse was swept off his feet by the force of the current; the carriage upset and both ladies were precipitated into the water. Miss Lynch clung to the carriage, which had caught against some obstructions, until a boat could be obtained from Crumpton, a mile and a half distant, with which she was rescued from her perilous and unpleasant position, having been in the water an hour and thirty minutes, but her companion went down with the current and was drowned. The horse was, also, drowned.

Invitation Accepted.

One of our most "prominent" merchants, with commendable zeal and enterprise in advertising his wares, extended a general invitation to all persons to come and examine his stock, "to come and bring the babies and stay all day." It is not likely that he really thought that the latter part of his request would be complied with, but it was, literally, a few days ago: a young married couple took him at his word, they came, they brought their baby and stayed (nearly) all day, and that little one showed its appreciation of that visit. It was delighted to be in the store, and it manifested that delight by getting into all the mischief it possibly could, lying down on the floor, howling at the top of its voice, and in other such trifling ways—greatly to the amusement of those who remembered that merchant's generous invitation, who will, probably, not include the babies in his next advertisement.

Horse Thieves.

There are still some horse thieves in Mill Creek Hundred, notwithstanding the Horse Company's efforts to expel them. On Tuesday morning last a horse and wagon were found in the yard of Aquilla Derrickson in that Hundred. A negro man claimed them but would give no satisfactory account of them, and it was afterward ascertained that they belonged to Mr. F. Griffith, of Newark. On the same night a horse was stolen from the field of Milton Steele, of the same Hundred. The next morning it was found near the Lime Quarries.

J. A. Jones' Fruit Culler.

Mr. J. A. Jones has made several improvements in his "Fruit Assorter" since its *debut* at Middletown, and would like his friends to see it in operation among the peaches; he will, therefore, exhibit it at Mr. F. T. Perry's orchard (or at Thomas' Landing) on Thursday and Friday next. At Smyrna, on Monday afternoon and Tuesday morning following, and at Dover and below thereafter. He will also exhibit a working model of a "stump extractor," invented by himself, for which he claims great advantages over any other.

Barn Struck by Lightning and Consumed.

During the thunder storm on Tuesday evening the large barn of William J. Stroud, on the P. W. & B. R. R., one mile south of Stanton, was struck by lightning and totally consumed. There was in the barn at the time about 70 tons of hay, a large crop of wheat and oats, farming utensils, harness, &c., which were also consumed. The loss will reach between $2,000 and $3,000, on which there is an insurance in the Farmers' Mutual of $1,600—900 on the building and $700 on the contents.

A Public Nuisance.

Last Tuesday afternoon the citizens of Middletown, who reside near the square, were compelled to listen for a long time to the most disgusting profanity from a miserable drunken wretch who was indulging himself in swearing at the top of his voice, greatly to the annoyance of the entire neighborhood. This thing occurs often, but for what reason it is thus allowed to go on, and why a stop is not put to it we are a loss to imagine.

Armstrong Chapel.

Rev. Dr. Patton will preach in the Chapel at Armstrong's Corner, to-morrow afternoon at 2½ o'clock. The citizens of the neighborhood are invited to attend.

Maryland Affairs.

A sad case of drowning occurred on Thursday of last week, in Chesapeake Bay, off the mouth of Fairlee Creek. John B. Hynson, son of Thomas Hynson, residing near Chestertown, went with a younger brother and a cousin, to catch crabs off the shore at Mr. John Greenwood's. During the afternoon the party went in bathing, and, in attempting to swim across the creek, young Hynson, though an expert swimmer, was drowned. The deceased was a student at Washington College, and gave indications of considerable talent. He was about nineteen years of age.

STATE CONVENTION.—The Democratic State Convention met in the Maryland Institute building, in Baltimore, on Tuesday last, and renominated the present able incumbents, Messrs. Levin Woolford and James S. Franklin, for the offices, respectively, of Comptroller of the Treasury and Clerk of the Court of Appeals. Elsewhere we give the platform adopted for the campaign.

John R. Plater, the Talbot county wife murderer, is very ill with consumption, and it is thought cannot live long.

Cecil's members of the Democratic State Central Committee are Messrs. Wm. M. Knight, Henry Brady and Jas. A. Mackay. Those of Kent are Messrs. James A. Pearce, Richard C. Johnson and Richard Jones.

Letter from Collins' Beach.

HYGENIA HOUSE, AUG. 12, 1873.

Editor of Transcript:—Middletown is so easy of access to this bay-shore resort for summer tourists, that were it not for the TRANSCRIPT's extended circulation any mention in these columns of the "Beach," its visitors and their doings, and of news here generally, would, to a large portion of your readers, be very much like peddler's news. But it is the fashion, you know, to "write up" the sea-side, the mountain-side, the river-side, the brook-side, and every place in general fortunate enough to be frequented by *visitores* for pleasure during the summer days when heat, mosquitoes and flies do most abound. And why should not this bay-side (the fashionable watering resort of Middletown and vicinity) be also remembered even in a prosy article? For no fault of its own has it waited thus long to be sung in verse.

To be in the fashion then let us tell you "mine host" has, as usual, his house full. An adequate sense of the fullness here meant is acquired by witnessing the many boarders whose presence leaves no "vacant room," and the well-filled table loaded with fish, flesh and fowl, flanked by wholesome selections from the vegetable kingdom, all served in the most palatable order and condition. The house then, and the table are both well-filled. As to the visitors they are of course unexceptionable. There are a few of Philadelphia's denizens, seeking rest from a busy city life. They think they have found it. More are from Smyrna, and it would be useless to repeat an aphorism known and acknowledged by each observer, and none the less proven at this time and place, that Delaware ladies carry off the palm This being so, we will not particularize individual excellencies, but merely remark that at least nine of Smyrna's choice attractions are charming the Beach with their presence, charming nightly the residents of other lands, and even charm a lone fish-hawk into pitching his nocturnal roost on the friendly branch of a wide-spreading poplar. Not to omit the sterner sex, we mention, in passing, that some half a dozen of the useful members are here, endeavoring to please, instruct and amuse. The first and last are of prime importance at the Beach. Instruction from books is almost impossible, owing to the variety of calls upon one's time. This is a capital location, however, for instruction in coquetry, flirting and the art (though natural to a certain extent) of courting, and a novice would be surprised to see how many improve upon the opportunities presented to them Pleasure and amusement are to be found here on every hand. They are experienced when enjoying the salubrious bath in company with the fair Chloe; or skimming waves before a stiff breeze; when engaged in the social game of croquet; in dexterously throwing the quoit; in the tamer shuffle board, in other innocent games, such as chequers and chess; and lastly, they are especially felt in the fascinating whirl of "the dancers dancing in tune." Jim Howard's "Little German Band" from Philadelphia arrived yesterday, and Strauss' waltzes, when played by it, involuntarily impel into a whirligig motion feet grown old in the service and retired from such active duty. The aforesaid "Little German Band" is a great attraction at the Beach; first on account of the music it furnishes for dancing, parlor and lawn; secondly on account of the gentlemanly manners of its members.

One gentleman (from Wilmington) has his hammock swung between two convenient evergreens. It is delightful to nap in; and, in motion, affords an agreeable sensation to the ladies who enjoy a morning swing before a morning swim. To the small boys (who are here in numbers) the charms of the hammock are irresistable.

Middletown and Odessa must not be passed over in silence. They furnished their quota of ladies, whose presence here made the Beach doubly attractive, and whose absence is sensibly felt.

The Bay is seriously encroaching each year upon the premises of the "Hygenia House." The bathing grounds are considerably lessened in width this season by the lengthening of the stone wall in front of the house; and in a year or two they will have to be changed to the southern end of the wall. This will be an advantage as the bottom opposite the bar is sandy and firm, and even now furnishes better bathing than do the present and old grounds.

Among the ladies sojourning this week at the Beach are the Misses Cummins from Woodlawn; the Misses Davis, Miss Hill, Miss Bingham and Mrs. Bailey, from Smyrna, and Miss Lowber from Washington.

When "one is in doubt whether to write a letter or not" he had better not, so, acting upon this saying of Talleyrand, we will close at once, only suggesting that Tuesday and Thursday evenings of this week will be the evenings of the season. Therefore, let *verbum sat sapienti*. W.

IRON ORE IN THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA.—The mineral developments on the line of the Valley railroad will soon attract the attention of capitalists. There are indications of large deposits of iron on almost every mile of the road from Lexington to Botetourt. Along the base of the Short Hill there are croppings out of more abundant deposits of iron than in almost any other section of the country, and it is wholly undeveloped. Botetourt is also an iron-producing county. She has large beds of ore inviting capital. Our mountains, which have long been considered our poverty, are in future to be our greatest source of wealth.—*Lexington (Va.) Gazette.*

ANOTHER TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE IN ITALY.—An official letter received at Washington, August 7, dated Bellumo, July 6, says: On the evening of the 29th of June a terrible earthquake occurred here, carrying death to many and consternation to all. The dead are counted by tens, and the material injury done by millions. Of the buildings in the city every fourth or fifth is rendered uninhabitable. The principal monuments are overthrown or seriously injured. Everywhere a cry of anguish is raised, and seeks for prompt and effectual relief.

Political Notes.

The Chicago *Tribune* says of the salary grab: "We have been informed aforetime, by as good Republicans as there are in the House of Representatives, that, while the salary bill was pending, General Grant could scarcely be induced to talk on any other subject. Whatever matter of state might be brought up in the conversation, he would dismiss it impatiently, if not adroitly, and return to the only legislation in which he evinced any interest, viz., the increase of salaries. We also know that the attendants at the White House were the most assiduous and efficient lobbyists in favor of the grab Recent developments show that General Grant not only encouraged the passage of the bill, but that he was the originator, the prompter, and the "whip," as well as the signer of the bill."

The Burlington (Ia.) *Gazette* makes the following point which may be applied to all but a very few of this Congress; "Now the question arises, what has George W. McCrary, the member of Congress from this district, done since the 4th of March last to entitle him to draw up to this time the sum of $3,125—that is $625 a month. Has he not, during all his time, been attending to his own private business, making as much aside from his salary-grab, probably, as any lawyer in Keokuk?"

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* remarkes: "Governor Noyes only got at his last election 238,000 votes, 2,000 less than Thurman received in 1867, six years previously. Noyes cannot get as many votes now as he did then. The Thurman vote brought out for Allen in 1873 will be sufficient to elect. Mark the prediction!"

THE KENTUCKY LEGISLATURE.—The recently elected General Assembly of Kentucky will be composed as follows: Senate, 32 democrats and 6 republicans; House of Representatives, 81 democrats and 19 republicans. The republicans gain two in the Senate, and the democrats one in the House.

Ex-President Johnson, it is reported, is preparing to run for Governor of Tennessee as a stepping-stone to a seat in the United States Senate.

A TERRIBLE DISASTER.—The Steamer Wawasset running on the Potomac river between Washington and Currioman took fire about 12 o'clock last Friday at Chatterdon Landing and was burned to the water's edge. She had about 150 passengers on board and when the fire broke out, a most fearful panic ensued. The steamer was at once headed for the Virginia shore and in a few minutes ran aground. By this time the flames had spread with fearful rapidity, and in the excitement many persons jumped overboard. The steamer had but two small boats and one of these was lost through the wild and uncontrollable frenzy of the passengers, who attempted to launch it. The vessel was well provided with life preservers, but though Capt. Wood and his assistants did every thing in their power to control the passengers and allay the excitement, they could not do so, and the preservers were disregarded, and great numbers of people were drowned. The whole number of the lost amounted to seventy two. The Wawasset was regarded as an excellent boat, having been overhauled and thoroughly repaired only a few weeks ago.

CENTENNIAL ON THE BRAIN.—In Philadelphia now everything is getting a centennial brand. A correspondent says:

"If you enter a clothing house you must have come of course for a centennial coat. If you enter a hatter's you can't go out until you have seen a centennial hat. If you go for a pair of shoes you must have them made over a patent centennial last. If you want to smoke before retiring it must be a cigar of the centennial brand, and if you rise in the morning with a sour stomach you are told that you need a centennial punch, which you drink over a centennial bar, by means of a recently invented centennial tube. The bootblacks, who throng around you in the street, all vehemently insist that the centennial blacking will produce the best shine, and that all other blacking is of no account. The police will adopt a centennial uniform, a stock company are considering the propriety of putting up a centennial hotel, and that great daily paper soon to be started here whose stock of $250,000 is said to be already sold, can of course have no other name than the Centennial."

A BLOODY INDIAN BATTLE.—A dispatch from Elm Creek, Nebraska, states that on Tuesday Aug. 5, while a party of Pawnee Indians were hunting near Republican river, on Blackwood creek, they were surprised and attacked by a large body of Sioux, and a bloody fight ensued, resulting in the defeat of the Pawnees, who lost about 100, comprising some of the best men of the tribe, and most of their horses, arms and game. The Pawnees were pursued thirty miles, and only escaped when night came on.

The rain storm of Tuesday night did great damage to property in Philadelphia and other places. Travel on the railroads in Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey and Western New York was interrupted by inundations, "washes," and land slides, and considerable damage was done to the crops in various localities. The mails from the North, received in Washington Wednesday, were six hours behind time. The crops within a radius of twenty miles from that city are reported to have suffered serious injury.

PHILADELPHIA MASONIC TEMPLE.—The Free Masons in Philadelphia have been building a grand temple in Broad street, in that city, and are making preparations to celebrate the achievement. Invitations have been extended to every lodge throughout the country, and many delegates are expected from France, Germany and England. The jubilee attending its completion will commence on the 25th of September, and will be kept up until the 27th.

Several engagements have taken place recently between the Spaniards and the insurgents in Cuba.

OBITUARY.

The death of Miss Mary L. Staples, leaves a void in this community, and, especially in the church of which she was a member, not easily filled. She was a lady of extraordinary mind and culture, and a christian of devoted piety. Her religion was neither a mere theory or an evanescent excitement, but a deeply rooted principle of faith and practice. She believed with all her soul, loved with all her heart, and labored with every power and faculty and gift with which she was so richly endowed. Many years of her life had been devoted to teaching, and she had few equals in the schoolroom. Such a woman cannot pass away unmissed and unmourned. Her death was a joyful translation from a bed of suffering to the Father's house of many mansions.—*Cecil Democrat, July 26.*

DIED.

On Saturday, August 2d, at the residence of J. C. Adams, in Louisiana, Henry Nowland, son of Charles A., and Nettie Bryan, aged 3 months and 25 days.

New Advertisements.

PEACH TREES
AND
OSAGE ORANGE PLANTS
A SPECIALTY.

THE subscriber offers to his friends and the public generally a very choice stock of

Young Peach Trees,

(grown by himself,) for the Fall of 1873 and Spring of 1874, budded from the

Best Selections

of market and family varieties. Also, a large and fine lot of Osage Orange Plants for HEDGING and a general variety of small fruit plants, all of which will be sold on *reasonable terms* to suit purchasers.

I would prefer persons (wishing to plant) to see my Peach Trees before purchasing elsewhere, for I am satisfied they will be pleased.

HENRY CLAYTON,
MT. PLEASANT,
Woodside Nursery, Aug. 17, '73. Delaware.

NOTICE.

I offer for sale the following, at prices much below their value: Study and Passage Oil Cloths, Book Shelves,

2 ROCKAWAYS,

One in very good order, and the other can be made so by a few repairs;

2 SETS OF HARNESS,

1 HORSE, 1 DOUBLE-BARREL GUN,

2 Lounges, and some beautiful pictures, both engravings and oil paintings, which will be sold very low. I have many other things not necessary to enumerate, which will be offered at a corresponding sacrifice.

JOHN COLLINS McCABE,
Rectory of St. Ann's Church.

N. B.—Any gentleman desirous of adding some choice works to his library, can now have an opportunity of doing so, at much less than booksellers' charges. [aug 16-tf.

AKERMAN & MALMSTEN,

GENERAL

Upholstery and Fine Furniture.

WAREROOMS,

No. 211 SHIPLEY Street,

(IN D. R. KENT'S NEW BUILDING,)

Wilmington, Delaware.

Making up and laying of carpets, matting and oil cloth; spring and hair mattresses; furniture covered and repaired; lambrequins, draperies and window decorations, and all belonging to the business attended to.

aug 16-3m.

ODESSA HOTEL,

ODESSA, DELAWARE.

HAVING recently leased and refurnished this old established Hotel, I am prepared to accomodate the traveling public and permanent boarders in good style and at reasonable rates.

My bar will always be supplied with choice wines, liquors, tobacco and segars.

Odessa, from its pleasant location on Appoquinimink Creek and its wide, shady streets, and its vicinity to the great peach district, offers special advantages as a summer retreat from the heat of the cities.

By strict attention to business and the comfort of my guests, I hope to merit a liberal share of the public patronage. B. F. LIPPINCOTT.

Aug. 16-6mos.

NEW JERSEY CHEMICAL CO'S
SUPER-PHOSPHATE.

TRADE (W. & C.) MARK.

THE New Jersey Chemical Company, having purchased the right of manufacturing the celebrated Wattson & Clark Super-Phosphate, their superior facilities will enable them to maintain its past standard in every respect, and at the same time to offer it on more satisfactory terms than heretofore.

When large quantities are ordered a fair discount will be given for cash.

S. M. REYNOLDS, Agent,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

Aug. 16—3mos.

COAL. COAL. COAL.

THE subscriber is now selling his best Coal, which is a prime article, at the low prices of $6 75 per ton for Stove size and $5 75 for Nut, delivered to any part of Odessa; or, $6 50 per ton for Stove size and $5 50 per ton for Nut at the wharf—2240 lbs. to the ton—FOR CASH.

DANIEL STEVENS,

aug 16-3m* ODESSA, DEL.

NOTICE.

THE tightness of the times compels me to reduce my business to a CASH basis, and accordingly have marked everything in my line at low figures.

Coal credits will be limited to 30 days, and on all coal paid for on delivery, a discount of 5 per cent. will be made. E. T. EVANS.

Middletown, Del., Aug. 16, 1873-tf.

ESTRAY.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, on July 6th, A WHITE HOG. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away.

T. C. MURPHEY,
Aug. 16-3w. Middletown, Del.

LOST.

ON Friday, August 8th, A GOLD LOCKET. The finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving it in care of D. L. DUNNING,
Aug. 16-2w. At the Post Office.

The Middletown Transcript

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

Edward Reynolds.

TERMS—$3.00 a year, payable in advance. No paper discontinued until so ordered, except at the option of the publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.—Advertisements of 10 lines or less will be inserted twice for $1 00, and 25 cents for each additional insertion. Business cards, $10 per year. One-quarter of a column, 3 months, $8; 6 months, $15; one year, $25. One-half of a column, 3 months, $18; 6 months, $30; one year, $50. One column, one year, $100. Business Locals, 10 cents a line for each insertion. Marriages and Deaths inserted free. Obituaries charged for at regular advertising rates.

General J. L. Kemper.

The Richmond *Dispatch* gives the following biographical sketch of Gen. J. L Kemper, the recently nominated Conservative candidate for Governor of Virginia:

General James Lawson Kemper is a native of Madison county, Va., and a descendant of British colonists who emigrated to Virginia in the eighteenth century. He was born in Madison county in 1824, and is, therefore, in the fiftieth year of his age. He is a man of splendid physique, fine personal appearance, and looks much younger than he is, notwithstanding a limping gait, which is the result of wounds won in the service of his country.

General Kemper had an academic education, and is a graduate of Washington College—now Washington and Lee University. After leaving college he pursued the study of law under Geo. W. Summers, Esq., in Charlestown, Kanawha county.

During the Mexican war he was commissioned captain in the volunteer army by President Polk, and joined Gen. Taylor's army of occupation in Mexico just after the battle of Buena Vista. We are informed that he was adjutant of a regiment of Virginians, but had little active service in Mexico. General Kemper began political life as a member of the House of Delegates, and served in that body for ten years. For two years he was Speaker of the House, and for several years was chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. He was also during this time a member of the Board of Visitors to the Virginia Military Institute. When the Confederate war for independence began, the eyes of all who knew him were turned to General Kemper as one fit to be a leader in the armies of Virginia.

On the 24 of May, 1861, he was commissioned by the Convention of Virginia, on the nomination of Governor Letcher, Colonel of Virginia volunteers, and assigned to the command of the Seventh Regiment of Infantry, which command he assumed at Manassas. After the battle of Manassas, General Kemper was promoted to the command of the old brigade which had been successively commanded by Longstreet, Ewell, and A. P. Hill, and, commanding it, participated in the first days fight at Seven Pines, May 31, 1862, and the seven days' fighting around Richmond in the same year. He commanded his own brigade in the battles of South Mountain and Sharpsburg. Soon after the return of Kemper's brigade from the first Maryland campaign it was incorporated in Pickett's division. At the battle of Fredericksburg, December, 1862, Gen Kemper, with his brigade was temporarily detached from the division, and joined the troops on Marye's Heights on the afternoon of that day, under a hot fire. He was again detached from the division early in 1863, and sent with his brigade to North Carolina, where he commanded the forces at Kingston opposed to the Federal force under General Foster, who then held Newbern. He rejoined Pickett's division in front of Suffolk, Va., participated in the operations at that place, and marched with the division into Pennsylvania, his troops taking their full share in the terrible massacre at Gettysburg. General Kemper was supposed to be mortally wounded while gallantly leading his brigade. He was brought off that bloody field and sent to a hospital for surgical treatment, and upon examination of his wound it was thought that it would be impossible for him to live. The officers and men of his brigade waited in a drenching rain for several hours, expecting to hear momentarily of his death." In fact, a coffin was obtained for him and placed in an ambulance, so that as soon as breath had fled they might take his body and retreat with it. He was held a prisoner in the hospital for three months, but upon the written certificates of several United States surgeons that he must soon die he was finally exchanged. After a long furlough, during which his friends never expected to see him again in uniform, General Kemper returned to duty, and although unable to serve in the field, was assigned to the command of the local forces in and around Richmond. In June, 1864, he was commissioned Major General. His discharge of the arduous and delicate duties of commandant at the capital gave satisfaction at all times, and he continued to discharge them until the evacuation of Richmond, in 1865. Since the war Gen. Kemper has been quietly engaged in the practice of law at his old home in Madison county, and has only taken part in political strife in great campaigns like those of 1869 and 1872. As a canvasser for the Walker ticket he did yeoman service. In the Conservative Convention of last year he made the motion to instruct the delegates to vote for the ratification of Greeley and Brown, and supported it in one of the most eloquent efforts of his life. He was then appointed Presidential elector at large on the Liberal ticket, and canvassed the State with great effectiveness.

George N. Saunders, the well-known and eccentric Confederate agent during the war, died in New York on Tuesday last. Mr Saunders' escape across the Niagara Suspension bridge, and the cunning and successful manner in which, as a Pennsylvania miner, he eluded the guards, created a sensation throughout the country in the summer of 1861.

At Amsterdam, N. Y., on Monday night Thomas Quinn struck Peter Brown on the head with a chair, fracturing his skull.—Brown died on Tuesday, and Quinn is now in jail.

A STEAM MOWER.—While we have been lauding foreign agriculturists and mechanics for their enterprise and ingenuity in adapting steam power and machinery to their purposes, a native genius, a farmer of Henry County, Ill., has been quietly using a steam mower and reaper of his own, patented by him over five years ago. That his machine has remained in the background his poverty alone and not his will has consented. Want of means has prevented him from building more than one, but that one we learn has been in successful use during this period of his enforced retirement from public view. The machine can mount hills and decend valleys, travel upon roads, draw loads, thrash, mow, and reap, and weighs but 4,200 pounds, or little more than a pair of those enormous Norman steeds to be seen in Henry County. As a mower, it cuts a swath six feet four inches wide, traveling four miles per hour. It draws the thrashing-machine when it goes out to work along the roads in a dignified and respectable manner, scorning all help from horseflesh, and carries at the same time its daily rations of five barrels of water and five bushels of coal.

THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.—A recent decision proves that the English courts don't allow the absurd law against marrying a deceased wife's sister to affect the property rights of those women who happen to marry a dead sister's husband. One Captain Hardings married Miss Buckton, his deceased wife's sister, but before marrying her deeded to trustees considerable property for her benefit. After his death his presumptively legal heirs sued for this property, on the ground that Miss Buckton had by law only been his mistress, and that the property had been given for an immoral and unlawful consideration. The court held that fictitious marriages should be discouraged, but could find no ground for setting aside a trust for the benefit of a woman so married.

Christianople, Sweden, has been entirely destroyed by fire.

Middletown Directory.

CORPORATION OFFICERS.

TOWN COMMISSIONERS.—T. E. Hurn, President; J. H. Scowdrick, Secretary; John B. Roberts, S. R. Stephens, 1 vacancy.
ASSESSOR.—Charles E. Anderson.
TREASURER.—DeW. C. Walker.
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.—DeW. C. Walker.
CONSTABLE AND POLICEMAN.—John W. Hayes.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

John A. Reynolds.

TRUSTEES OF THE ACADEMY.

John P. Cochran, Pres.; Henry Davis, Treas.; Sam'l Penington, Sec.; B. Gibbs, James Kanely, R. T. Cochran, 1 vacancy.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

DISTRICT No. 60.—Albert Pennington, Wm. H. Cann, Wm. Green, clerk.
DISTRICT No. 94.—E. T. Evans, Chas. E. Anderson, W. J. H. Lingo, Clerk.

OFFICERS OF CITIZENS' NATIONAL BANK.

DIRECTORS.—Dr. J. V. Crawford, B. Gibbs, C. B. Ellison, B. T. Biggs, John A. Reynolds, Jas Culbertson, Henry Clayton, E. C. Fenimore, J. B. Cazier.
PRESIDENT.—J. V. Crawford.
CASHIER.—J. R. Hall.
TELLERS.—J. B. Clarkson, John S. Crouch.

DIRECTORS OF TOWN HALL CO.

J. M. Cox, Pres; Sam'l Penington, Sec.; J. R. Hall, Treas; R. A. Cochran, Thos. Massey, Dr. Wm. H. Batt, and R. T. Lockwood.

CHURCHES.

ST. ANNE'S PROT. EPISCOPAL, Rev. John Collins McCabe, D. D., Rector. Divine service on Sundays at 10.30 A. M. and 7.45 P. M. Sunday School at 9 A. M. Lecture on Fridays at 4 P. M.

FOREST PRESBYTERIAN, Rev. John Patton, D. D. Pastor. Service every Sunday at 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday School at 9 A. M. Lecture on Wednesdays at 7.30 P. M. Sunday School in the Chapel at Armstrong's Corner every Sunday at 2.30 P. M.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL, Rev. Vaughn Smith, Pastor. Service every Sunday at 10.30 A. M. and 7.45 P. M. Sunday School at 9.30 A. M and 2.30 P. M. Prayer meeting on Thursdays at 7.45 P. M.

COLORED METHODIST, Rev. J. W. Brown, Pastor. Service every other Sunday at 10.30 A. M.; 3, and 8, P. M. Sunday School every Sunday at 1 P. M.

MASONIC.

ADONIRAM CHAPTER, No. 5, R. A. M. Meets in Masonic Hall on the second and fourth Fridays of every month at 8 o'clock, P. M.

UNION LODGE, No. 5, A. F. A. M. Meets on the first and third Tuesdays of every month, at 8 o'clock, P. M., Masonic Hall.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

DAMON LODGE, No. 12. Meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Lodge Room in the Town Hall.

I. O. O. F.

GOOD SAMARITAN LODGE No. 9. Meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Lodge Room in Cochran Hall, No. 2 Cochran Square.

BUILDING AND LOAN.

MIDDLETOWN B. & L. ASSOCIATION. Meets on the first Thursday of every month at 8 o'clock, P. M.

MUTUAL LOAN ASSOCIATION OF MIDDLETOWN.—Meets on the third Tuesday of every month at 8 o'clock, P. M.

DIAMOND STATE BRASS BAND.

Meets for practice every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, P. M.

POST OFFICE.

OFFICE HOURS.—Opens at 6 30 A. M. and closes at 9 P. M. every day, except Sunday.
Mails for the North close at 9 45 A. M. and 2 15 P. M.
Mail for the South closes at 11 A. M.
Mails for Odessa close at 11 20 A. M. and 7 30 P. M.
Mails for Warwick, Sassafras and Cecilton close at 11 20 A. M.

RAILROAD.

Passenger trains going North leave at 9 09 A. M. and 2 38 P. M.; going south, at 11 25 A. M. and 7 51 P. M. Freight trains with passenger car attached, going North, leave at about 6 30 and 7 40 P. M.; going South, at about 2 30 and 7 00 A. M.

STAGE LINES.

Stage for Odessa with U. S. Mail, leaves shortly after the arrival of the 11 25 A. M. and 7 51 P. M. mail trains.
Stages for Warwick, Sassafras and Cecilton leave shortly after the arrival of the 11 25 A. M train.

THE MARKETS.

MIDDLETOWN GRAIN MARKET.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY E. T. EVANS.

Wheat, new	$1 50
Corn Yellow	54 cts.
" White	50 "
Oats	40 "
Timothy Seed	5 00
Clover "	7 00

MIDDLETOWN PRODUCE MARKET.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY S. M. REYNOLDS.

Eggs	18@20 cts. ₱ doz
Butter	30@35 cts. ₱ lb.
Lard	9@10 " "
Mess Pork	8@9 " "
Potatoes, new	1 75 ₱ bus.
Chickens, spring	16@18 ₱ lb.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Prime red wheat	$1.57@1.58
Corn, yellow	59
Oats (Pennsylvania)	49
Cloverseed	$7 75
Timothy	4 50

Business Locals.

No. 2 Mackerel, $11 00 per barrel.
S. M. REYNOLDS.

FLY-NETS

at reduced prices. Selling out at cost.
taug29. C. E. ANDERSON.

Porcelain-lined Kettles, Fruit Jars and Cans, Jelly Tumblers with and without covers, at
S. M. REYNOLDS'.

A fine and large assortment of Hamburg Embroideries, to be closed out at a very low price, and on which a discount of 12½ per cent. will be given for cash, at
E. M. HANSON'S.

Black Teas, 50c, 60c, 75c, and $1 per pound.
S. M. REYNOLDS.

A fine Japanese folding Fan for 18 cents, at
E. M. HANSON'S.

The Japanese folding Fan, 10 and 15 cents, at
S. M. REYNOLDS'.

Have you a Cough, Cold, Pain in the Chest, or Bronchitis? In fact, have you the premonitory symptoms of the "insatiate monster," consumption? If so, know that relief is within your reach in the shape of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, which, in many cases where hope had fled, has snatched the victim from the yawning grave.

One hundred doz. soft finish White Spool Cotton for the Sewing Machine, 55 cents per doz.; 5 cents per spool, at
S. M. REYNOLDS'.

Pure Fresh Congress Water,

Direct from Saratoga Springs, for sale by S M. REYNOLDS.

Ladies! call at HANSON'S and examine his stock of Fancy Goods, comprising Embroideries, standard Trimmings and Ruffles, Ribbons, Ties, Laces, Fans, &c., all of which are new and very cheap.

Bathing Flannel at 35 cts. per yard; Bathing Hats at 25 cents, each at S. M. REYNOLDS'.

Hot water-proof table Knives and Forks, (entirely new), beautiful styles at very low prices, at
E. M. HANSON'S.

Gents' Dog-Skin Driving Gloves.
S. M. REYNOLDS.

A fine Black Tea at 60 cents per lb., at
E. M. HANSON'S.

The Lotta Bustle, best in the market; Hoop Skirts from 50 to 75 cents, at
S. M. REYNOLDS'.

Fruit Jars, Jelly Tumblers, Porcelain-lined Kettles, Ice Cream Freezers, &c., at
E. M HANSON'S.

New lot of Hamburg Edgings and Insertings, Victoria Lawns, &c., at very low prices.
S. M. REYNOLDS.

Closing out Summer Dress Goods and Lawns below cost at
S. M. REYNOLDS'.

Miscellaneous.

LUMBER & HARDWARE.

J. B. FENIMORE & CO.

OPPOSITE THE DEPOT,

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE,

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

Lumber and Hardware,

BRICKS, LIME, HAIR, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS

MOULDINGS, PAINTS, OILS,

GLASS, ETC. ETC.

Constantly on hand all kinds of

Building Material.

January 15—tf

FRUIT GROWERS,

Attention!

MY facilities for supplying Stencil Stock, such as

STENCILS,

STENCIL PAINT & BRUSHES,

For Marking

BERRY CRATES

AND

PEACH BASKETS,

Cannot be surpassed.

ORDER EARLY.

J. E. WORDEN,

Diamond State Stencil Depot,

(ON THE HILL,)

Feb 3, 1873-ly SMYRNA, DEL.

LOST.

ON Tuesday, July 22d, on the road leading from Collins' Beach to Middletown, a valuable OVERCOAT. The under will be suitably rewarded by leaving it at the NATIONAL HOTEL, Middletown, Del. [aug 9-2t]

FOR SALE.

A GOOD FRESH MILCH COW.
Aug 9-tf. Apply at THIS OFFICE.

Railroad Time-Tables.

Delaware Rail Road Line.

Summer Arrangement.

ON and after Sunday, June 30th, 1873, (Sundays excepted,) Trains will leave as follows:

NORTH.	A. M.	P. M.	SOUTH.	A. M.	P. M.
Delmar		11 00	Philadelphia	8 30	5 15
Laurel		11 17	Baltimore	7 25	2 55
Seaford	6 30	11 36	Wilmington	10 16	6 35
Bridgeville	6 48	11 54	New Castle	10 30	6 55
Greenwood	6 58	12 05	State Road	10 35	7 00
Farmington	7 08	12 15	Bear,	10 45	7 08
Harrington	7 25	12 30	Rodney	10 50	7 12
Felton	7 36	12 50	Kirkwood	10 57	7 20
Canterbury	7 43	12 57	Mt. Pleasant	11 07	7 31
Woodside	7 49	1 04	Middletown	11 25	7 51
Wyoming	7 56	1 14	Townsend	11 34	8 01
Dover	8 03	1 25	Blackbird	11 39	8 07
Moorton	8 14	1 37	Green Spring	11 48	8 15
Brenford	8 21	1 45	Clayton	11 55	8 21
Smyrna	8 05	1 55	Smyrna, arrive	12 10	8 37
Clayton	8 29	1 54	Brenford	12 01	8 27
Green Spring	8 54	2 00	Moorton	12 09	9 34
Blackbird	8 45	2 12	Dover	12 24	8 46
Townsend	8 51	2 20	Wyoming	12 32	8 54
Middletown	9 09	2 38	Woodside	12 40	9 02
Mt. Pleasant	9 19	2 49	Canterbury	12 45	9 07
Kirkwood	9 29	3 00	Felton	12 50	9 13
Rodney	9 33	3 05	Harrington	1 07	9 29
Bear	9 41	3 15	Farmington	1 15	9 38
State Road	9 45	3 20	Greenwood	1 26	9 48
N. Castle	9 55	3 33	Bridgeville	1 37	10 00
ARRIVE.			Seaford	1 18	10 18
Wilmington	10 15	3 55	Laurel	2 12	
Philada.	11 45	5 25	Delmar	2 25	
	P. M.				
Baltimore	1 05	8 10			

MIXED TRAIN.—Northward, will leave Delmar at 2 45 P. M.; Laurel 3.12; Seaford, 3.43; Bridgeville, 4.20; Greenwood, 4.40; Farmington 4.55; Harrington, 5.20; Dover, 6.23; Clayton, 6.56; Middletown, 7.39. Arrive at Wilmington, 9.00; Philadelphia, 11.30; Baltimore, 3.50, P. M.

Southward, will leave Phila. at 11.30 P. M. Baltimore, 7.30; Wilmington, 12.55; New Castle, 1.20; Middletown, 2.24; Townsend, 2.38; Clayton, 3.05; Dover 3.42; Wyoming, 3.52; Felton, 4.09; Harrington, 4.17; Farmington, 4.51; Greenwood, 5.05; Bridgeville, 5.20; Seaford, 5.47; Laurel, 6.11; Delmar, 6.30.

The mixed train will be run subject to delays incident to freight business, and will stop only at stations where time is given.

NEW CASTLE TRAINS.

Leave New Castle for Wilmington and Philadelphia at 7.40 A. M. Leave Philadelphia, 12.15 P. M. and Wilmington, 1.25 P. M. for New Castle.

SMYRNA BRANCH TRAINS.

Additional to those above, leave Smyrna for Clayton 11.30 A. M. and 7.35 P. M. leave Clayton for Smyrna 8.40 A. M., and 2.00 P. M., leave to make connection with trains to and from Dover, and Stations south.

CONNECTIONS.

At Townsend, with the Kent County and Queen Anne's & Kent Railroads. At Clayton, with Md. and Del. R. R. At Harrington with J. & B. R. R. At Seaford, with Dorcester and Delaware R. R. At Delmar, with Eastern Shore R. R., and Wicomico and Pocomoke R. R.

May 20—ly H. F. KENNEY, Superintendent.

P. W. & B. R. R.—DELAWARE DIVISION.

Notice to Fruit Growers.

IN addition to the regular Market Trains now running, an EXTRA DAILY FREIGHT TRAIN, (Sundays excepted,) with passenger car attached, will commence running between Wilmington and Harrington Monday, June 23d, '73.

Leaving Wilmington at 6.30 A. M. and stopping as follows:

New Castle,	6 55	Brenford,	9 17
Kirkwood,	7 27	Moorton,	9 28
Mt. Pleasant,	7 44	Dover,	9 49
Middletown,	8 05	Wyoming,	10 04
Townsend,	8 20	Woodside,	10 19
Blackbird,	8 43	Canterbury,	10 29
Green Spring,	8 52	Felton,	10 44
Clayton,	9 07	Harrington, arrive	10 55

Returning, will leave Harrington at 3.00 P. M., stopping at

Felton,	3 30	Green Spring,	5 37
Canterbury,	3 38	Blackbird,	5 51
Woodside,	3 49	Townsend,	6 07
Wyoming,	4 11	Middletown,	6 32
Dover,	4 29	Mt. Pleasant,	6 48
Moorton,	4 49	Kirkwood,	7 18
Brenford,	5 07	New Castle,	7 51
Clayton,	5 27	Wilmington, arrive	8 15

Subject to delays incident to freight business.

This train will stop to take up passengers only at stations named, but will leave passengers at any stopping place, except Hare's Corner, State Road, Rodney, Armstrong's and Dupont.

That prompt time shall be made, to insure connections with Philadelphia and New York, it is important that shippers should have their freight at the several stations at least one hour before the train is due to leave.

This train will be withdrawn whenever the interest of the company requires it.

June 1-tf. H. F. KENNEY, Sup't.

Hotels, &c.

DELAWARE HOUSE.

Opposite the City Hall,

513 Market Street,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

Having recently remodeled and refurnished the above well-known Hotel, I am now prepared to entertain my friends and the public generally in first-class style and at reasonable rates.

Patronage solicited.

GEO. W. ORTLIP,

mar 8-6m Proprietor.

NATIONAL HOTEL,

Opposite R. R. Depot,

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.

HAVING taken the above well-known house, I am prepared to accommodate my friends and the public generally in first-class style and at reasonable rates.

The Bar will always be supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors and Segars.

Patronage solicited. JOHN A. MORTON, Proprietor.

Formerly of the Arch Street House, Phila.

Apr 12-6m

NEW HOTEL

At Townsend, Del.

TOWNSEND HOUSE.

OPEN June 1st, 1872, will accommodate the travelling public and permanent boarders at very reasonable rates. The bar will at all times be stocked with choice wines, liquors, Tobacco and Segars. Fine oysters in season. Hoping by strict attention to business to merit a liberal share of the public patronage generally.

JAMES C. TOWNSEND,

June 8—1y. Proprietor.

E. D. BROWN,

SUCCESSOR TO

BROWN & GALLIGHER

IMPORTERS OF

FINE BRANDIES, WINES, GINS, &C.

AND DEALERS IN

RYE, WHEAT, AND BOURBON WHISKEY,

No. 11 South 9th Street, Philadelphia.

Jan 29—y

Real Estate.

MARYLAND FARMS

FOR SALE.

Conveniently located, near Railroads and Rivers. Soil generally good and well improved. Terms very reasonable. Owners anxious to sell.

No. 1.—A tract containing two hundred acres, about 80 of which is under cultivation. Buildings small; timber principally white oak and chestnut. Very cheap.

No. 2—A farm situated about two and a half miles from Massey's—the junction of the Kent Co. and Q. A. and K. R's., and contains about two hundred acres, mostly woodland, there being but seventy-five acres arable; would make good farming and fruit land with proper handling. Price $20.00 per acre.

No. 3.—A farm immediately adjoining Massey's Junction, containing 150 acres, in a high state of cultivation; splendid three year old Peach orchard, also Apple orchard and small fruit; Buildings excellent; This farm will compete with any in the neighborhood; produced 26 bushels wheat per acre this year. Price $100.00 per acre.

No. 4.—A farm of 324 acres, located in a pleasant neighborhood in Queen Anne's Co. Md. within two miles of Millington, a live town on the Q. A. & K. R. R., being about three hours ride to Philadelphia, and only three-fourths of a mile from a point where lime can be delivered on the Railroad. 234 acres of same is fine arable land; produces from 30 to 50 bushels corn and 15 to 30 bushels wheat per acre, balance is well wooded with timber, which would pay one-fourth of the purchase money. Price $12,000.00.

No. 5.—A tract containing 500 acres, mostly woodland, about 220 acres of it under cultivation; buildings good; would make an excellent farm; will sell at a very low figure, or lease for ninety-nine years.

No. 6.—A farm of about 125 acres, within a mile of Massey's Junction, very pleasantly located, is under good state of cultivation and well adapted to the growth of grain and fruit; this is a rare chance, it belonging to several parties who are anxious to sell.

No. 7.—A farm of 92 acres, within two miles of Lamson's Station, on the Kent county R. R., immediately adjoining the village of Chesterville, and about two miles from Crumpton, on the Chester river, making it a very desirable location; the land is very productive. Buildings are a good comfortable Dwelling, Stabling, Granary; also Blacksmith and Wheelwright shop, all pleasantly located in the town. Price $70.00 per acre. This property sold for $10.000 5 years ago.

No. 8.—A splendid farm situated about half-mile from Millington, Kent County, Md., on the Q. A. & K. R. R., being about three hours ride from Philadelphia; contains 200 acres, in the highest state of cultivation; fine Peach orchard in full bearing, and several acres in Strawberries; buildings splendid; parte anxious to sell on account of ill health, and offers rare inducements. This is a very gem of a place, and can be bought low.

No. 9.—A farm of 220 acres, immediately adjoining Morris Station on the Townsend Branch R. R., is good, kind soil, mostly arable, in fair state of cultivation; buildings ordinary; will be sold very low.

No. 10.—A tract of 300 acres, in Delaware, three miles from Vandike's Station, on the Townsend Branch R. R., mostly woodland, small portion clear; would make an excellent farm; owners live in Baltimore, and would sell cheap.

No. 11.—A fine farm of 350 acres, all arable, located in Queen Anne's County, Md., three and a half miles of Millington, on the Q. A. & K. R. R. and three miles from a wharf on Chester river; railroad will deliver lime at a point not more than one and a half miles distant; large Peach orchard; buildings new. This is a very desirable place, in a pleasant neighborhood. Price low.

No. 12.—Comprises 250 acres, located 2½ miles from Massey's Station 2½ from Sassafras, and within three miles from navigation and although a large farm has not one foot waste land on it; buildings complete; mostly under hedge fence; has a young orchard of 2000 trees. This is one of the finest farms in Kent county, and will be sold right.

No. 13.—Contains 340 acres, situated 2 miles from Lamson Station on the Kent Co. R. R. 1½ from Crumpton, on Chester river, and on the road from Chestertown to Millington; buildings complete, fencing good, and land in good state of cultivation; usual crop of corn is 3,000 bush. Price 62 per acre. For further particulars address or call on S. W. BOYER,

Massey's, Kent County, Md.

may 3-6m

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

BY virtue of an Order of the Chancellor of the State of Delaware, made the 7th day of March, A. D., 1873, will be exposed to public sale, by way of public vendue, on

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1873,

At 3 o'clock, P. M., at the "Jefferson House," in New Castle, Del., the following lands and tenements, situate in Pencader Hundred, county of New Castle, and State aforesaid, described as follows to wit, (according to an old survey and plot):

Beginning at a corner-stone set on the east side of the public road leading from Pencader Meeting House to the Buck Tavern, where an ancient corner hickory is said to have stood, which is also a corner for land late of David Reese, and running thence by the said road, North 4° West 96 perches to a stone set at the head of a gulley; thence by four new lines along said gulley, East, 44 2-10 perches to a stake at the side of the mill-pond, South, 80° East, 35½ perches to another stake set by said mill-pond at high water mark as aforesaid; thence North, 86° East, 121 perches to a stake, bearing South, 4° East, 4 perches, from a marked black oak; thence South, 4° East, 40 perches to the North line of the "Guthrie Tract;" thence with the line of the said "Guthrie Tract," and with the line of lands late of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Company, South, 86° West, about 164 perches to the West side of the old tail race; thence down said tail race and binding with the western boundary line of the said Chesapeake and Delaware Canal tract, to the line of lands late of David Reese, and thence South, 86° West, and binding on said line to the place of beginning; containing seventy acres and ten perches of land, be the same more or less.

Attendance will be given and terms of sale made known by GEORGE GRAY, TRUSTEE, aug 2-ts. or by his Attorney.

ESTRAY.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, on July 30, a SMALL RED COW. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away.

THOS. H. GOULD,
"Gum Bush" Farm,
aug 9-3t Near Mt. Pleasant, Del.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

A twenty-five horse power, stationary Engine, and a thirty-five horse power Boiler, all in complete order, nearly new. They have not been used more than six months. Apply to

WM. G. GUYER,
July 19, tf New Castle, Del.

T. A. McCLELLAND'S

Auction Rooms.

Buy your Furniture, Mattresses, &c. of T. A. McClelland, 1219 Chestnut Street. Handsome New Furniture for Parlors, Bed Rooms and Dining Rooms, at Auction Sales, every Monday and Thursday, and sold at Private Sales at Auction Prices. All goods warranted. Furniture carefully Packed and Shipped.

Dry Goods and Groceries.

BARGAINS!

BARGAINS!!

In order to close out our

LARGE STOCK

OF

LADIES'

SUMMER DRESS GOODS

We offer them at

A DISCOUNT OF

12 PER CENT.

They comprise all the

BEST STYLES

of the season, and those, who want, have a chance to buy

At Lower Prices

than have ever been offered before.

☞ Please call and examine our stock.

W. H. MOORE & CO.,

July 12-tf. MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

A GREAT SACRIFICE OF

Dry Goods

At SCOWDRICK & ELIASON'S

IN order to close out our large stock of Summer goods we will offer our entire stock of

DRESS GOODS, CASSIMERES, COTTON GOODS, LINENS, &c.,

AT COST, FOR CASH.

Having on hand all the latest styles and makes of Dress Goods, both Domestic and Imported, we can offer inducements that cannot be surpassed in any other store. We have in stock a full line of

WHITE GOODS,

Such as

PIQUES, VICTORIA LAWNS, SWISS, NAINSOOK CAMBRIC, LINEN LAWNS, LINENS, &c.,

all of which will be sold at cost for cash. The above described goods are being closed out to make room for fall trade, and will be sold at

A GREAT SACRIFICE.

Those wanting Summer Dress Goods can now secure great bargains. Call, and see for yourselves at

SCOWDRICK & ELIASON'S,

July 12-tf. MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

SEE! SEE!!

HEAVY BOOTS from $2 50 *and Upwards.*
FINE " " 2 25 " "
GENUINE KID GLOVES, 50 cts. to $1.00.
WOMENS AND CHILDRENS SHOES, at GRADES AND PRICES.
LADIES' DRESS GOODS,
LARGE VARIETY OF CASSIMERES,
LONG AND SQUARE SHAWLS,
BROWN AND BLEACHED MUSLIN,
WOOL AND COTTON FLANNELS,
GOOD INGRAIN CARPET, 60 to 65 cts.
GOOD HEMP CARPET, 30 to 37½ cts.
WHITE AND GRAY BLANKETS,
LAP ROBES AND HORSE BLANKETS,
LARGE ARCHED LOOKING GLASSES,
INSERTING AND EDGING.

READY MADE CLOTHING,

HATS AND CAPS.

ALL KINDS OF

GROCERIES.

FULL LINE OF

Notions, Hardware and Queensware.

☞ As good a Sewing Machine as int he market; much below the usual price; every one warranted for five years, for Sale and to Hire on easy terms. Liberal discount for cash.

G. W. W. SAUDAIN.

Oct. 19—tf.

Dry Goods and Groceries.

CHEAP

STORE!!

HAS JUST RECEIVED A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF GOODS CONSISTING, IN PART, OF

DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
GROCERIES,
BOOTS,
SHOES,
HATS,
CAPS,
QUEENSWARE,
WOOD & WILLOW WARE,
EARTHEN & STONE WARE,
FISH, MEATS,
READY-MADE

CLOTHING,

And in fact everything usually kept in a

FIRST-CLASS COUNTRY STORE

All of which we should be pleased to have you

CALL AND EXAMINE.

NO CHARGE FOR SHOWING GOODS.

TERMS CASH!!!

J. F. ELIASON,
CHEAP STORE,
Middletown, Del.

apr 27—tf

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE subscriber would call the attention of the public to his

Large and Well-Selected Stock of

GOODS,

Consisting in part of

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, GROCERIES, BOOTS, Shoes, Hats, Hardware,

Queensware, Wood and Willow Ware, Earthen and Stone Ware.

FISH, MEATS, &c.

And everything usually kept in a

FIRST CLASS COUNTRY STORE,

All of which have been selected with care, and will be

SOLD AT PRICES IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE TIMES.

Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere

NO CHARGE FOR SHOWING GOODS.

Charles Tatman Jr.
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

apr. 9—tf

NEW STOCK

OF

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,

Just received and to be be sold at low prices

FOR CASH.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

Grenadines 12½ to 50 cts. Japanese Plaids and Mohairs; very low.

MOURNING GOODS.

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES,

Ladies Hair Braids and Neck-Ties,

MEN'S and BOYS'

READY MADE CLOTHING,

New styles of Hats and Caps,

Boots, Shoes, and Gaiters, cheap;

800 YARDS CARPETING,

GUNS, PISTOLS AND CARTRIDGES,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

GROCERIES, OIL CLOTH SUITS,

Gum Overcoats, Looking Glasses, Summer Horse Covers, Lap Cloths, Ladies' and Children's Vests,

and all goods usually kept in a country store.

☞ All buyers are respectfully invited to give us a call and examine our goods and prices.

S. R. STEPHENS & CO.

may 3—tf. Middletown, Del.

MADE TO ORDER AND WARRANTED A TRUE FIT.

PERFECT FITTING, COMFORT, EASE AND ELEGANCE.

Send for self-measurement circular.

J. P. DOUGHTEN,

may 29-tf 610 Market st. Wilmington, Del.